

“NOTICE”

The Colonial Trust Company.

WE TAKE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THAT WE HAVE ACQUIRED THE BUSINESS OF THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK, THE TRANSFER TO TAKE PLACE AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS ON SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND. ON AND AFTER NOVEMBER 4TH ALL CHECKS ON THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK WILL BE HONORED AT OUR COUNTER.

J. H. WHITTEMORE, PRESIDENT.

Ladies' Tailoring

Newly opened at 122 South Main street, a complete ladies' tailoring establishment where any garment for ladies' wear will be made in the best manner. Your inspection solicited. Your own goods made up in any style desired and perfect satisfaction guaranteed. Repairing and renovating done in the best manner. I have for years served the ladies of Waterbury as designer and manager of the ladies' department of the Guarantee Credit Clothing Co. and trust my work there will be remembered.

S. HENES,

122 SOUTH MAIN STREET. Second Floor. Over Millinery Store.

A SUIT OR OVERCOAT

They will meet all your ideas of good style, nice workmanship and good value—good value is their most striking characteristic. All the latest patterns to select from. That's what these MERCHANT TAILORS make.

J. GILDIN & CO.

Successors To

A. W. DIVIS

119 SOUTH MAIN STREET. Cleaning, pressing, etc. and repairing neatly done.

HAY

I have just received 10 cars of No 1 Timothy Hay and owing to lack of space am selling it at \$1.25 per hundred by the single bale. I have also 5 cars of Bran which I am closing out at a special price.

Oats \$1.65 Per Bag

At all times you will find a full line of Grain, Feed, Hay, Straw and Shavings.

JOSEPH PEPE,

52-54 Canal Street.

'Phone 731-2.

Big Bargains

and BIG VALUES now offered at our opening. We have got a full line of Hardware, Tin Agate, Wooden and Metal Ware Goods, and our store made twice as large. We've got a nice stock of Gas Heaters, Stove Boards, Kitchen Ware, Wringers, Tubs, Boilers, etc. Guaranteed Wringer for \$1.75 and our new system.

Everything Delivered.

Magner Hardware Co., Inc.

79 and 81 EAST MAIN.

DR. A. D. VARIELL,

Office: Apothecaries Hall Building. Hours: 2 to 4, and 7 to 8 p. m.

HIS COURTSHIP

By HELEN R. MARTIN, Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid."

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CHAPTER XXV.

GEORGIANA, robed in an exquisite gown of white cashmere, whose long graceful lines gave her a quite regal figure, was thoughtfully pacing the drawing room of her home. It was just a week after the opening of the fall term of the college, and President Ellery was going to hold his annual reception tonight for the members of the faculty and their wives. Georgiana, now at home and at the head of her father's household, was ready to receive with him and do the honors as hostess.

As she paced the floor, her long skirts sweeping about her, her thoughts—serious, as usual—were occasionally broken in upon by the flippant remarks of Daisy, who, also in gala attire, was ready to assist her this evening to receive her father's guests.

"Hush! I better go and tell uncle to hurry up, Georgiana? They will begin to come soon," Daisy suggested from her place on an old davenport which stood against the wall.

"He will be down in time, I suppose. He has a watch," Georgiana answered absently.

"But can he tell the time?" Georgiana ignored her.

"Because I've always suspected he couldn't tell so invariably late to everything."

Georgiana's gaze was far away.

"You look stunning, Georgiana. That's a serious gown."

"What adjectives, Daisy?" "If the combination of you and that role of snowy white doesn't roast Kinross, then he is fireproof, as they all say he is."

Georgiana laughed indulgently.

"I do hope, Georgie, that you'll be quite cruel to him to avenge the rest of them."

"Daisy," Georgiana gently chided her, "you put it on such a low plane."

"My prospective acquaintance with Dr. Kinross."

"Oh, Georgiana! Why, I'm expecting it's going to be most inspiring and uplifting—to see you jilt him, you know."

"I'm not even sure that he's going to be here tonight."

"Oh! said Daisy blankly. "Gracious! And here I'm standing on my hind legs in glad expectation!"

"He wrote me that he had an engagement for part of the evening with a Miss Wolcott, who was passing through town on her way to New York, but that if he might come early and leave early he would be delighted to do so. The tone of his note," she added critically, "was manly."

"Dear me! How did he manage to be manly in a note like that?"

"There was an atmosphere about it," Georgiana insisted.

"Why do you keep talking about, Georgie? Are you nervous?"

Georgiana came and stood in front of the davenport.

"Daisy," she said earnestly, "he will probably be the first one to arrive, and—"

"Meaning Kinross?" Daisy inquired sympathetically.

"Dr. Kinross, yes. I fancy he will be here before any one else comes. Tell me, if you were I, would you be in the room when he comes or would you enter after he is here?"

"Which do I think would impress him more?"

"I merely mean," Georgiana explained, "would it seem more easy and graceful to be already in the room or to come in after he is here—or perhaps to enter from the piazza? Which would seem more—well?"

"Effective? Suppose you advance from under the parlor, Georgie? Daisy flippantly advised, growing hilarious.

"What it is he thinks he loves I'm sure I don't know," said Georgiana. "I'm sure I don't either, since you say it isn't the real I."

"I wish, Daisy," said Georgiana sadly, "that the higher life appealed to you."

"And to think that you may commit Gateshead to spending his on my low plane, Georgiana?"

"He is certainly quite incapable of living on mine."

"I acknowledge he is weak, or he would have cut you long ago for the way you treat him. With his students, with every one but you, he is strong. With you he is nothing but a penny dog. But now, to change the subject, I'm worried. Who is this Miss Wolcott—is that the name you said—to see whom Kinross is leaving your radiant presence tonight?"

"I don't know," Georgiana answered, with dignity.

"You look worried too."

Georgiana shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"I wonder whether that man would do such an underhand thing as that?" Daisy speculated, not without indignation.

"As what? You are rather indefinite, Daisy."

"I don't know how to be more definite, I'm sure."

Georgiana had to let it rest at that, for at this moment Mr. Gateshead was announced.

It was with more than her usual indifference that Georgiana received his obsequious greeting. Daisy, who looked on sympathetically, could not be sure that the deep flush which mounted to his forehead was due to the shock of ecstasy he received from Georgiana's beauty, so enhanced tonight by her extraordinarily becoming gown, or to his pain and embarrassment at her manner.

As she turned halfway from him to a chair in the bay window he awkwardly sat down on the davenport beside Daisy. To relieve the situation, at least for the sake of her own feelings and Mr. Gateshead's, Daisy chatted vivaciously, but she met with a discouraging lack of response, for Mr. Gateshead was crushed and Georgiana quite unable to force an interest in anything but the theme which just now absorbed her highest contemplation.

The announcement of another guest was very welcome to Daisy. The name "Dr. Kinross" sent a thrill of expectancy through the two feminine hearts in the room, but it gave to the lovesick man on the davenport a sharp pang of jealous apprehension, for Dr. Kinross' popularity with girls and women was so notorious as to be a source of mortification to himself.

It was still early, and President Ellery had not yet come into the parlor, so Mr. Gateshead had to perform the ceremony of introduction.

Dr. Kinross in evening dress bore very slight resemblance on a first glance to Peter the farmanhand. Miss Ellery came forward across the floor, holding out her beautiful hand, and met him in the middle of the room.

Tall as she was, he stood head and shoulders above her as he clasped her offered hand. His face, as quite grave as his hands and gloves met.

Mr. Gateshead, looking on as the two girls greeted Kinross, felt something electric in the air, something strange in the expectant, tentative look of Dr. Kinross' eyes upon Georgiana's upturned face.

"We have heard a great deal about Dr. Kinross," Georgiana said, with gracious condescension, speaking like a royal personage in the plural. "His fame followed us even into our rural retreat this summer to a Pennsylvania Dutch farm, our letters from home discussing him as if—"

She stopped short, her eyes fixed upon his face, her self-consciousness suddenly dropping from her like a cloak.

"Was it only his fame which followed you?" Kinross spoke. "Or was it you who followed him? I think he was there first, wasn't he?"

Georgiana stood transfixed, her eyes growing wider and wider with wonder and amazement. The shock of recognition had startled her out of herself, and for the first time in his acquaintance with her Kinross saw her before him unaffected, natural, and free from the first time she had seen her.

"You must necessarily be far in advance of me," she answered. "You know me as I do not as yet know you, but give me time, and I will catch up with you, and it is my belief that we shall find each other and meet very vitally."

"Heaven forbid!" was his mental comment as they both rose now upon the entrance of the venerable president.

Other guests began to arrive, and Kinross was obliged to leave her to her duties as hostess. He found Daisy and took her out to the campus for a stroll.

It was not until the supper hour gave Georgiana her first bit of respite from her obligations that he again found himself alone with her. She took advantage of her momentary leisure to invite him to her father's study, where they could be by themselves to finish their talk.

He found himself eager to tell her all the wonderful story of Eunice, and no sooner were they alone than he began to relate it. To his surprise, he had a hard time to get her attention upon it, so he was she upon talking of herself, upon learning what his impressions of her had been during those four weeks at the farm and upon drinking in the admiration which evidently she was sure she had inspired all unconsciously. If he led the talk away from these themes, her answers were vague and her countenance absent. There was nothing in the world so interesting to her as herself, and she was too self absorbed to see or feel the mental attitude of another and to sense when she was being tiresome. In short, like all egotists, she lacked tact.

amended her remark. "How did you manage it?"

"It wasn't very difficult," he answered, not intending an aspersion on her intelligence.

"I never dreamed of suspecting anything. How could I," she said, looking dazed, "when you used bad English and washed at the pump, though I remember you always had a separate towel, but you ate with your knife?"

"One can rise superior to a mere prejudice like a fork, Miss Ellery, in a good cause."

"Miss Ellery? Why don't you call her Georgie? She calls you Pete," Daisy suggested.

Georgiana, flushing, glanced haughtily at Daisy. "A good cause?" she quickly repeated. "That's just the point. What was the cause? Why did you deceive us?"

"It's up to you, Peter, to explain satisfactorily your gay deception," said Daisy. "If you aren't the limit! Of all the forsy tricks I ever heard of! Didn't I always say there was something foxy about you? I did! Well, talk it out with Georgie, and I'll receive your apologies later—alone in the conservatory. Come, Mr. Gateshead, we'll leave them alone in this sacred moment of their coming to an understanding. Let's console each other."

She drew him away, scarcely heeded by Georgiana, though Kinross' glance followed them for an instant.

He laughed as his eyes returned to Georgiana's fixed gaze. "She's a jolly little fellow, isn't she? I mean Daisy," he explained as Georgiana looked blank. "Shall we sit down and talk it out?"

Daisy had taken Gateshead to the bay window, so Georgiana led the way across the room to the davenport.

As they sat down together Kinross realized at once that her self-forgetfulness had passed and that she was again intensely conscious of herself from the graceful poise of her head and the sweep of her skirts on the floor to every tone of her voice and curve of her lips.

"Now that she knows who I am," he thought, "she'll recall the fact that Eunice told her I loved her. What the devil's to pay?"

"Why," she inquired, "did you conceal your identity? If you chose to hire yourself out as a farmanhand for the summer you need not have been ashamed of it—I would only have honored you for it. Your laboring in conjunction with nature—I can quite understand how it satisfied a want in your soul. How little you understood me when you thought I would look down upon you for it!"

Kinross mentally sighed. She was being superior again, and putting him on the head for hiring out to old Morningstar and consorting with nature!

"It was so original of you!" she smiled, "quite idyllic, really! A farmanhand who read the 'Vedanta Philosophy' of Swami Vivekananda, who took a half day off when he pleased, was treated by his employers like a privileged boarder, smoked his cigars and had occasional relapses into good English!"

She was certainly carrying it off very easily, all things considered—more easily than he was, in fact. He was relieved at her interpretation of his escapade, for he would have found it rather difficult explaining his disguise if she had not done it for him.

"But how did we both happen to get to the Morningstar farm?" she suddenly asked. "You could not have known that I was going there, for I did not know it myself until the very day I went."

"Your supposing that I would have pursued you thither, if I had known, is certainly a compliment to my taste," he bowed.

She looked at him with a slight suspicion in her eyes, and a faint color came into her cheeks. But her native egotism blinded her to irony directed against herself.

"It was a strange coincidence, wasn't it?" she said; "but hardly fair," she added archly, "that you should have been taking me in—if you will pardon the slang—for four weeks without my knowing it."

"On the whole, you behaved very well, Miss Ellery."

She looked so complacently sure of it that he could not help adding, "It remains now for us to discover whether or not we are on the same line of march," whether we are 'at one' and can 'clasp hands.'"

She was not in the least discomposed by the allusion. The bright color in her face was manifestly a glow of delight.

"You must necessarily be far in advance of me," she answered. "You know me as I do not as yet know you, but give me time, and I will catch up with you, and it is my belief that we shall find each other and meet very vitally."

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One woman, in Lowell, Mass., writes: "The Fleisher Yarns are the best without exception. The articles will last even longer than one cares to have them, and they will hold their color under ordinary washing." Another, in Providence, R. I., says that she has a sweater made of the Fleisher Yarns "which after two years of wear is firm in texture and thoroughly good in every way." Striking evidence that the Fleisher Yarns stand the test of wear and wash.



Misses' Sweater

Requires 6 hanks of color and 1 hank of white Fleisher's Spanish Worsted. This yarn possesses great strength combined with a lofty and elastic thread. It makes a warm, snug-fitting garment that will retain its shape under the severest tests of wear and wash.

Directions for making in "Fleisher's Knitting and Crocheting Manual."

Save this Coupon

This coupon, when accompanied by 23 trade-mark tickets from the Fleisher Yarns, entitles you to a copy of "Fleisher's Knitting and Crocheting Manual," invaluable to beginner and expert. Contains photographic illustrations of new and staple garments, with directions for making. Teaches knitting and crocheting by the quickest method, made easy by illustrated stitches. S. B. & W. Fleisher, Philadelphia.

Crawford Heating Boilers

For Steam and Hot Water Heating

To those who want heat—and plenty of it—at the least cost of care or money, we suggest an inspection of the new "Crawford" and "Walker" boilers. In these boilers the size rated to heat your house is guaranteed to heat it. You don't have to get the "next larger size." And that is where they differ from all other boilers.

Here are some of the features:

1. All heating surfaces surrounded by water.
2. No perishable packed joints, no sheet iron parts, no brick linings.
3. Large grate area—with interchangeable grate bars instantly removable.
4. "Heat Ribs" cast on the interior of the boiler; save coal.

WALKER & PRATT MFG. CO., 31-35 Union St., Boston

Our new booklet, "Warmth, Health and Comfort," is interesting

JEREMIAH DEVINE, Agent, Waterbury, Conn.

THE PENALTY OF OVERWORK.

Work has been man's lot since the creation, but a day of toil should not have its penalty of pain. Why is it, then, you ask, that backache so often follows? It is because the modern tendency is to overwork, to tear down faster than nature can rebuild. An unnatural strain is thrown upon the vital organs, and more especially upon the kidneys, which have the work of filtering the blood free of waste and poison.

The heavy tax of overwork—the strain upon the back that is so common to many trades and occupations, is too great. The kidneys begin to fail in their work, and there is a double danger to health. The poisonous matter collects in the system, and the kidneys themselves begin to break down.

Pain in the back is only a warning of trouble in the kidneys. An inflammation has set in, and a disordered condition of the urine soon becomes apparent.

Too much or too little uric acid, with a constant desire to void the secretions; any noticeable deviation from the normal color; the appearance of a sandy sediment, proves a disorder of condition of the kidneys, that needs quick attention.

If your work seems hard for you if you have a lame, weak or aching back, if you seem tired and listless and seem to be running down without apparent cause, begin at once with Doan's Kidney Pills, the great kidney remedy that has cured so many of your neighbors. It has given thousands of working men and women strong, sound backs for their daily work.

WATERBURY PROOF.

John J. McNamara, brass worker, of 13 Third street, Waterbury, Conn., says: "I hurt myself lifting some years ago and it seemed to affect my back. Whether I caught cold or not I cannot say, but my back began paining me and continued to hurt for months. I worked many a day in perfect misery, and in spite of the many remedies I used I constantly grew worse. I had heard a great deal about Doan's Kidney Pills and went to the H. W. Lake Drug Co. got a box and began using them. I got relief before I had finished one box, but continued the treatment until the trouble had all disappeared. It has never returned."

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N.Y., Proprietors.

DeWITT'S KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS FOR BACKACHE

Weak Kidneys, Lame Back and Inflammation of the Bladder

A WEEK'S TREATMENT 25c

Sold By Buckingham Pharmacy.

But Kinross politely persisted and at last succeeded in holding her attention upon his story long enough to excite her mild interest. She was very much surprised of course. She expressed, in conventional terms, some good wishes for the fortunate girl, moralized a bit about the situation, and then returned to the more important subject of herself.

When, after a half hour that had been all too short to satisfy Georgiana, they were obliged to come forth from their retreat in Dr. Ellery's study, her face was so beaming that Gateshead, when he saw her, was in despair, and as she moved through the rooms, her girl friends all decided that Kinross had certainly proposed on sight.

(To Be Continued.)

Stands Still.

"Your friend, Miss Passay, has become quite chummy with Miss Newcombe. I don't suppose there's much difference in their ages."

"I can't answer for Miss Newcombe, but there isn't any difference in Miss Passay's age. She has been twenty-one for the past ten years to my knowledge."—Philadelphia Press.

Sweet Joy.

"I was just going to ask you to subscribe to this paper for Jibbles' widow when I happened to remember that he was your worst enemy."

"I'll be delighted to subscribe. Just think how it will grind him wherever he is."—Cleveland Leader.

Different Viewpoints.

"One woman," remarked the mere man, "is just as good as another—if not better."

"And one man," rejoined the fair widow, "is just as bad as another—if not worse."—Chicago News.